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Animi Viderunt.

A. J. B.

MY fathers, sure, saw more than I;
In winds that murmured softly by
A fairy stirred;
The topmost boughs of lofty trees
Bent not for weight of passing breeze,
Or chanting bird,
But swayed beneath the swinging fays,
Who cast the leaves of autumn days
On sheep and herd.

The whirling dust and fallen leaves,
The wind in antic sport upheaves,
And circling sent,
Were not the gusts' wild fantasy,
But hidden imps impiously
On evil bent.
Their earth held more than common man,
There was no *dun** but had its clan
Of fairy folk;
In every ruined fane and tower,
When ghost-bells chimed the midnight hour,
The dead awoke;
In winds that moaned a winter night,
When all beside was hushed in quiet,
Their fathers spoke.

Their world was but a mountain side,
A dog to hunt, a horse to ride,
A fisher's rod;
A cottage near a tumbling rill,
A little church, the simple will
To worship God.

And I have moved 'neath many a star,
And many a clime from their home far
My feet have trod;
I've watched from many a morning sea
The coast-line white recede from me,
And blue cliffs nod;
And yet, for all that I've come by,
My fathers, sure, saw more than I.

* An old fort.

Macbeth.

JOHN P. O'HARA, 1902.



CRITICS have agreed that the tragedy of Macbeth was the work of Shakspeare's maturity. It was written after the great tragedies, Hamlet, Othello and King Lear, but did not

receive the fulness of treatment that was given to these dramas. There is an appearance of hurry through the whole play. It is but two-thirds the length of the plays mentioned, and by-plot is entirely excluded. Everything works for the development of the main action.

For the reasons that the subject of the play is Scotch, that it was acted at court not very long after the accession of Jame I., that the reference to the king's miraculous curing power looks like a compliment to King James, and that parts of the play seem to be the work of another and a less experienced dramatist, some have said that the play was gotten up hurriedly for presentation at the court. But whatever the reason, the small number of characters, the few changes of scene, and the lack of subordinate complications, combined with Shakspeare's wonderful characterization, make the development of the action extremely rapid. The whole, as Mr. Richard Grant White says, seems to have been "struck out at a single heat."

It is interesting to study, however inadequately, Shakspeare's way of presenting a character with scarcely a word of description. Before he begins his main story he wants to let us know what sort of man his hero is. To fix our attention he must get us interested. He has one of the weird sisters say that the three are going to meet Macbeth, and immediately we conclude that a man having dealings with

the unseen world is worthy of attention. We desire to hear why the supernatural powers are interested in him. The second scene tells us.

He is a daring soldier. He has just won a double victory for Scotland. How valiant he is we may gather from the fact that the badly-wounded sergeant forgets his own pains and can do nothing but run on interminably in the praises of his General. To further bring out Macbeth's greatness, Duncan and Malcolm are belittled. In that day fighting qualities were deemed essential for a king; but here is Duncan out of sight of the battle, probably thinking of getting away if the day goes against him. Malcolm, after seeing part of the battle and barely escaping capture, runs back to his father. When the scene ends we are willing to see Macbeth win in anything he may undertake.

Since the witches' prophecies are to be a ruling power in the play, we must be made to have faith in the foreknowledge of these creatures. However, when we hear that they can raise storms and kill pilots at will, we are inclined to believe that they can do something in the prophecy line. When they utter their prophecies we learn that Macbeth has been considering the advantages of his position. The thought of becoming king is not new to him, else why does he start and seem to fear. This is further emphasized by the unconcerned way in which Banquo treats the apparitions. He neither begged nor feared their favors or their hate.

Macbeth is undetermined whether he will have to make himself king or can await the workings of chance. However, he communicates the circumstances to his wife as to one upon whom he can rely for advice and aid. He is aware of her determined character and well knows that, if the accomplishment of his purpose is possible, there need be no fear. Until Duncan sets the question of succession at rest by naming Malcolm Duke of Northumberland Macbeth is hoping that some turn of fortune will let him succeed the king. He sees now that he must act, and hastens on before to consult Lady Macbeth. Sir Henry Irving says that Macbeth's mind is now fully made up for the murder of Duncan; that he is villainous enough to make his wife believe her help is necessary to screw his courage to the sticking-place, and so brings on her ruin with his own.

Lady Macbeth's overwhelming desire for her husband's advancement is seen in her

immediate hitting upon murder as the nearest way to the throne. She is not by nature a wicked woman. It would not be necessary for such a one to pray to stop up the access and passage to remorse. We can not conceive Goneril or Regan giving utterance to such a prayer as Lady Macbeth makes. The tremendous suffering necessary to produce the sleep-walking scene could not be the suffering of one practised in misdeeds.

After Macbeth's first resolution there is a reaction. He is bound to Duncan by ties of blood, loyalty and hospitality. Duncan's virtues are so manifest that they will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off. Then there will come a reckoning with Scotland that will commend the ingredients of his poisoned chalice to his own lips. At any rate, he has received so much honor from the king that he is almost satisfied with it. Finally, there is the prospect of failure. It is hard to square this irresolution of Macbeth with the dictum of Irving that he is merely playing with his wife's feelings. Nothing but the frenzied determination of Lady Macbeth can rouse him to immediate action. Even when he has done the deed he can not muster strength to put the dagger back. Again, one that was hardened in crime could not be so overcome at the appearance of Banquo's ghost as to forget that his secret is a secret. His suffering is so intense that he talks openly of the murder, and is about to tell the guests what he saw when Lady Macbeth hurriedly dismisses the company.

That Macbeth in the scene subsequent to Duncan's death finds that he has not entered a primrose path in becoming king; and consequently plunges into other and, if possible, more revolting crimes to win security, does not make him irretrievably wicked from the start. Since his first crime he has suffered. He passes sleepless nights; the voice he seemed to hear in Duncan's chamber prophesied truly. He has a feeling of nought's had, all's spent. Banquo, alone, stands between him and happiness, and rather than endure the thought that he has damned himself for Banquo's sake he will enter the lists with fate itself. He does not let his wife participate in the guilt this time, nor does she know of the murder of Macduff's family afterward. He takes these further crimes as necessary consequences of the first, and wishes to spare her the suffering he now knows will follow.

Poetic justice demands that Macbeth's punishment be commensurate with his misdeeds. He is tricked into crime after crime in a vain quest for security. He feels himself "at odds with the laws of the universe, and yet, in his delusions, dreams of overbearing them by his savage will." He goes to his death, a traitor and a murderer; unable to repent or make reparation. His remorse is the "remorse of the damned." He sums up his own failure, his weariness of the world, in his verdict on life, where, as always, he is "the greatest poet of Shakspeare's brain."

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day.
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Thomas Cranmer.

JOSEPH P. S. KELLEHER, 1902.

Nearly everyone is interested in that part of English History which deals with the times of Henry VIII. This king and his followers, in the "Breaking off from Rome" movement, comprise so strange a set of persons that the reader often pauses in wonder at the sort of men who established the Anglican Church. Of all the men that were prominent in this work none is more so than Archbishop Cranmer.

Thomas Cranmer was born at Nottingham, July 2, 1489. His parents were of the middle class, and did all in their power to educate their children according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. At eleven years of age he was sent to Cambridge to pursue his studies for the priesthood. While there he distinguished himself as a student and an athlete. He was an excessive lover of the chase; and this fact may account for his robbing abbey after abbey of England, while he was Primate so that he might have extensive hunting-grounds. In disposition he was gentle and not at all boisterous. He was very reticent, but at times displayed great conversational powers. He had not been at Cambridge long when a change came over him. He had never before been among strangers; and he listened with interest to their talk, especially about

the success of some of the reformers on the Continent. He sympathized with the reformers, not openly, to be sure, but a word that he spoke now and then betrayed his real feelings. He seems to have taken a deep interest in the doings of the German reformers; for it is related of him that after he had heard a lecture of Erasmus in London, he grew pensive and applied himself with more diligence to his studies.

For a short time he gave up his residence at Cambridge, and returned home, declaring that he would never become a priest since that was not his vocation. He wanted to become a civil lawyer. His mother, however, pleaded with him not to give up the notion of becoming a priest, and just to please her he went back to Cambridge.

In 1510 he was appointed a fellow of Jesus College, which corresponded to the Divinity college of to-day. On entering this college, he took the customary vows of celibacy. This was necessary; for in a short time he would be ordained a priest. He had not been here very long before he was expelled for a grievous offence. The faculty deemed him a pretty bad man.

Contrary to his vow he married. His wife was an inn-keeper's niece with whom he became infatuated from several visits to her uncle's tap-room. She lived but a year after her marriage. Then Cranmer repented of his folly and begged for readmittance to Jesus College. He was permitted to resume his studies there; for he showed that he was sorry for what he had done, and the faculty, who deemed him a great theologian, did not like to see so great a scholar throw away his talents. In 1513 he was ordained priest. From the moment of his ordination his evil career seems to have begun.

After his ordination, he taught theology at Jesus College, and was on the board of examiners; but he got into some difficulty that made him quit the college. He had no church to preside over, nor did he have any salary allowed him by the crown. He seems to have been without friends at this time. At any rate, he became a private tutor to the sons of a wealthy nobleman at Waltham and took up his residence with them. Here he made the acquaintance of Gardner, Bishop of Winchester, and other great churchmen; and it was here also he learned that Henry VIII. was seeking after a divorce from his wife, Katharine of Aragon.

Tutoring did not suit such a man as Cranmer. He was proud, and could not bear to do so menial a work, as it seemed to him. He knew all about the attachment that had sprung up between Henry and Anne Boleyn, for he was a personal friend of her father, and he had seen Henry at the Boleyn Castle, but had not spoken to him. Cranmer received many a taunt from the Boleyns about his inability to get a position more suitable to his dignity; but he bore all these taunts patiently, foreseeing, it seems, that his reputation as a theologian would some day gain for him both renown and influence. He was quite an intimate friend of Anne Boleyn, and had been told by her that Henry wished her to be his queen. Cranmer was the instrument through which she finally did become the wife of Henry.

It was not startling news, therefore, for Cranmer to hear, on his first meeting with Gardner, that Henry was seeking after a divorce, nor was it difficult for him to favor the divorce since he thought that the opinion of so great a theologian might get him an introduction to the king who would surely ask him to arrange some means of obtaining the divorce. He would do anything to gain the friendship of the king; hence, he boldly gave his opinion that the marriage of Henry and Katharine was never lawful. What cared he for his priestly dignity!

Gardner told the king what Cranmer had said about the marriage. Henry, therefore, requested to see Cranmer at the royal palace. Cranmer went there; and for the first time he spoke to Henry VIII.; and the first topic of their conversation was the illegality of Henry's marriage with Katharine. Cranmer's chief argument was that the law of the Church forbade the marriage of a brother to his deceased brother's wife. He contended that the Pope had erred when he granted a dispensation that allowed Henry to marry the wife of his dead brother Arthur. He never thought it strange that Henry's conscience should have troubled him after so many years of union with Katharine. Oh no! He knew that Anne Boleyn had won the heart of Henry, and that she was using her charms to make herself queen of England. He argued so skilfully that Henry judged him to be the one who could find a way of untying the marriage knot. He appointed Cranmer his chaplain, and gave him a residence in the palace with rooms adjoining the royal

apartments. Cranmer then began to write his arguments in favor of the divorce, and when they were finished, he asked the king to call a synod of the clergy where he might hear the divorce question openly discussed, and get the opinion of the best theologians of the realm.

Accordingly a synod was held at Oxford. Gardner and Fox upheld Cranmer in his arguments, so did nearly all the regular clergy; the secular alone disagreed with him. The king was so pleased with Cranmer's able argumentation before the synod that he bade him go to Rome as soon as possible and argue the case before the Pope.

At Rome he made a favorable impression on Pope Clement who complimented him on the manner in which he had conducted himself and his able pleading of the case. Clement, however, was not convinced by Cranmer's arguments. He gave no decision other than that he would take the question under advisement.

At this time Cranmer was undoubtedly a hypocrite of the worst kind. No matter what the interests of others demanded he deemed them as nothing if they stood in the way of his own advancement; yet he made the people believe that he was working for their interest. While on his return journey to England he stopped in Germany to see Osiander, who was at that time a leading German reformer. He stayed there quite a long time—too long for his own moral good. Priest though he was he married the niece of Osiander, thus making the first breach in his connection with the Church of Rome. No one other than Osiander knew about Cranmer's marriage. Cranmer was bound to keep it a secret; for if the news of it reached Henry, he would lose the influence he now had. Although Henry was not at all a moral man, he would tolerate no immorality among the English clergy. Henry was also a firm believer in the Roman Catholic faith. Even after he had made himself supreme head of the Anglican Church, he adhered to all the articles of Faith, and made it obligatory on his clergy to live up to the celebrated "Six Articles."

Since it may be of interest I shall narrate these articles: "First, that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ is really present in the Holy Eucharist; second, that both kinds of Communion are not necessary in order to receive the Body and Blood of Christ; third, that vows must be kept; fourth, that priests must not marry; fifth, that private Masses ought to be celebrated; and sixth that

auricular Confession must be maintained." It is a historical fact that Henry VIII. believed in the Real Presence and the other five articles up to the last moments of his life.

Cranmer could not afford to let Henry find out that he was a married priest; hence, when he arrived in England, he announced that Osiander's niece was to be his housekeeper. Henry, of course, at that time did not think otherwise, for he felt certain that Cranmer was a moral man. If Henry found out that Cranmer was married, he would punish him severely; for if any one failed to keep the "Six Articles" he was sentenced to forfeiture of his property for the first offense, and was punished by death for the second offence.

During his stay in Germany he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, to succeed Wareham who had died. He was appointed to this high position, both because Pope Clement wished to divert Henry's attention from the divorce question, and because Cranmer seemed to be, in the Pope's opinion, well qualified to succeed Wareham. Cranmer knew nothing about his appointment till he reached London with his wife. He was pleased beyond his fondest expectations; but there was one thing that bothered him: would it be safe for him to allow his wife to live in the same house with him? No. He therefore gave her a dwelling separate from his so that he might the more easily avoid the suspicion that he was married. After his consecration as Archbishop, however, he was forced to send her back to Germany, because the "Six Articles" threatened him.

His baseness really commences after his consecration. Immediately he becomes the enemy of Katharine and her party. He had been settled in his new position but a little while, when Henry again pressed him to ask the Pope to grant the divorce. Communication after communication was sent to Clement, and decree after decree came back saying that Henry's marriage was lawful from the beginning and must not be dissolved. In his fury, Henry ordered Cranmer to get the opinion of Oxford and Cambridge, and all the clergy. This helped him but little. Then Cranmer suggested that the king submit the question for final judgment to a convocation of clergy called by himself. The king jumped at such a suggestion. Consequently, on May 10, 1533, a convocation was held at Dunstable, and was presided over by Cranmer, who still bore the title of Primate of England and

Legate of the Pope. It is needless to say that this assembly rendered a verdict favorable to Henry. In announcing the result, Cranmer declared that the marriage of Henry and Katharine was never lawful, and henceforth no marriage existed between them. He then called upon God to witness what he said. How much greater baseness could any man show? Here was Cranmer who as a priest had sworn to keep the vow of chastity; who as a husband had sworn to support his wife, and who as Archbishop had taken an oath to uphold the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, and to be the representative of the Pope in England. Above all, he had taken an oath to do what the Pope told him in regard to faith and morals. Two weeks had not elapsed after his decision before Henry had married Anne Boleyn. Cranmer performed the marriage ceremony.

When Pope Paul I., who had succeeded Clement, learned what Henry and Cranmer had done, he issued a bull of excommunication against them both. Through the instigation of Cranmer, Henry commanded that the Bull should be publicly burned, and that the person who brought it to England should be imprisoned. The Bull was burned, but the bearer of it was not imprisoned; for Henry did not dare to lay his hands on the legate of a foreign power. After this the Anglican Church may be said to have had its birth.

On the advice of Cranmer, the king became supreme head of the Church in England. Cranmer argued that there was no vicar of Christ on earth, but that every king was supreme head of the church in his own kingdom. Before doing this, however, Henry tried by every possible means to have the Pope repeal his interdict. Paul I. refused to do this. Henry then assented to Cranmer's advice, and became supreme head of the Anglican Church.

Then began a reign of terror in England. We may pause in reading the bloody deeds committed during the reign of terror in France, and excuse the French on the grounds of fanaticism and ignorance; but there can be no excuse for the actions of Henry and Cranmer during the establishment of the Anglican church. The leaders of this movement were not fanatics, nor were they ignorant men.

Just before the divorce was granted, Thomas More was Chancellor of England. On refusing to acknowledge the supremacy of the king

he was sent to the block. Thomas Cromwell succeeded him. There could not have been an apter trio for pulling down monasteries, or doing whatever else was detrimental to the old religion. Cromwell was ruled by Cranmer; Cranmer by Henry. What one did he did it with the willingness of the other two.

Like Mahomet, Henry established his religion by bloodshed. All the bishops, priests and nuns who refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry were, on Cranmer's authority, condemned to death as heretics. Even such men as Gardner, Bonner and Fox, who had voted for the divorce met with a like fate. Although Cranmer owed his elevated position to their influence, he never thought of their generosity when he had a chance to exert his authority over them. The clergy hated him. He seems to have had no true friend but the king. He no longer concealed the fact that he was a married man.

It may be thought strange that Henry did not punish Cranmer when he found out that he was married. The king was a keen man; he knew that Cranmer was his tool, and that he needed him for future marriages and divorces. Then, again, Cranmer had a strong friend at court, Anne Boleyn. Had he not made her queen? Did not her position depend on such a man as Cranmer? She would not see him punished. She had not been queen three years when Cranmer condemned her to death just to satisfy Henry. Like Warwick, who styled himself the king-maker, Cranmer called himself the queen-maker.

After the death of Henry VIII., Cranmer became an open heretic. He denied the Real Presence, and declared that the Holy Eucharist was only a commemoration of our Lord's passion and death. He also declared that nobody received the body and blood of Christ in Communion. He called Communion a pious practice only. While Henry lived, Cranmer and he sent men to the block or stake for denying the Real Presence. After Henry's death, however, Cranmer sent men to the stake for believing in the Real Presence.

As a churchman he wielded great influence during the reign of Edward VI.; but during Elizabeth's reign he gradually lost his power, and when Mary came to the throne he lost it entirely; she degraded him. She could not tolerate the man who had caused her mother so much trouble, and who was the direct means of having herself disinherited by her father. She was a staunch Roman

Catholic, and as such she would not allow a heretical archbishop near her. Elizabeth had persecuted the Roman Catholics partly through the advice of Cranmer. Mary of her own accord persecuted the Protestants, and foremost of them was Cranmer.

The degradation of Cranmer is, perhaps, the most interesting epoch of his life. He had steadily advanced in power from the day of his ordination until he was seventy-eight years old. He had fortune on his side. All the pleasures of the world were at his command. He had been saluted as "My Lord," and had been honored similarly to the king, not because the people were in sympathy with him, but because they feared to do anything against their sovereign—and Cranmer was the keeper of the king's conscience. Mary was not influenced by Cranmer. When she became queen her first act was to punish the reformers, especially those high in authority. She seems to have taken particular delight in tormenting her father's tender tool, Archbishop Cranmer.

She appointed Archbishop Lee to the see of Canterbury; and in a synod called by him, Cranmer was tried, first on the charge of breaking his vows; second for denying the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and third for celebrating sacrilegious Masses. He was found guilty on all these charges, and was condemned to be burned at the stake. In vain he pleaded for mercy. It was ridiculous for him to think of getting it; yet he thought that his eighty years would touch a tender spot in the heart of Mary. But no! His sentence was carried out.

On the day appointed for execution, he was clad in his pontifical robes, and with a crozier in his hand and all the retinue necessary to the dignity of an archbishop he was conducted to the stake. There Archbishop Lee disrobed him and scratched the tips of the fingers that had been consecrated when he was made Archbishop of Canterbury. Then he called him Mr. Cranmer, and jeered at him, saying: "No longer will the people call you 'My Lord,' but rather plain Mr. Cranmer. A yeoman's clothing was substituted for his pontifical robes, and in these he was bound to the stake and burned, May 21, 1556.

Cranmer will always stand out as a prominent man in history, for he is conspicuous for two things: separating England from the Roman Catholic Church and establishing the Anglican Church.

Varsity Verse.

OUR LADY OF VICTORY.*

WITH marvellous power hath the artist shown
 In that grand figure graces never seen
 In Grecian goddess nor in mythic queen.
 No trinketry or gaud is round her thrown;
 Her royal mantle has no jewelled zone
 To mar that graceful form and heavenly mien—
 Celestial glories blending with terrene.
 The Holy Child's soft hair by her breath blown,
 A willing captive in her fond embrace.
 Ah! ne'er did shrine in old Cithæron's glade
 With such a glorious presence fill the shade
 As this "Our Lady Victress" in our hall.
 O grant our foes no triumph in our fall;
 And in our hearts make thy abiding place!

W. H. T.

MY KID BROTHER.

I've the bravest little brother,
 In his talk and in his dreams,
 That ever chased a hose-cart,
 Or bathed in muddy streams.

Should he chance to meet an Indian
 In the forest and at night
 He would stab him in the stomach,
 And "put out that redskin's light."

"If I should meet a big black bear,"
 [Such tales he never ceases]
 "I'd stick my gun right down his throat,
 And blow him all to pieces."

He has ways of trapping burglars,
 Killing beasts that might attack him;
 He can "wallop any kid" at school
 Without a friend to back him.

And when he goes to sleep at night
 There's an air-gun near his bed;
 In his hand he holds a hammer,
 And his jack-knife's 'neath his head.

But in truth our knight does differ
 From what he claims to be;
 For he often comes home crying
 From a test of bravery.

Some boy at school has whipped him,
 Or he's bitten by a dog;
 Perhaps he only skinned his leg
 By stumbling o'er a log.

His bravery is limited
 To killing frogs and bugs,
 In his mind remains the boldness
 For exterminating thugs.

His chivalrous thoughts may crystallize—
 So prays his worried mother—
 In manly deeds some day, but now,
 He is just my little brother.

W. A. S.

* A statue at St. Mary's.

The Song of the Swan

WILLIAM A. SHEA, 1902.

[From the French of Georges Ohnet.]

Stenio Marackzy, the celebrated Hungarian violinist, played before the court of England. A young lady, Miss Maud Mellivan, was carried away by his wonderful playing, and asked to be presented to Marackzy. He, in turn, was touched by her grace and youthfulness. The marquis of Mellivan-Grey, prime secretary of the admiralty, father of Maud, brought the celebrated Hungarian home with him. The two young people became passionately attached to each other. Stenio asked for the hand of Miss Mellivan, but he was rejected in scorn. That same day Maud disappeared. She had followed Marackzy, and they were married in a neighboring village. The marquis of Mellivan-Grey swore that he would never forgive his daughter. She accompanied her husband across Europe taking part in his triumphs. A child was born to them that died after a few months. This misfortune the young woman looked upon as the punishment of her misdeed. She fell sick. Just where the passage which we will cite commences, the young couple were at Dieppe. Chance ordained that the marquis Mellivan-Grey should also be at Dieppe with his other daughter Lillian. An encounter took place. Maud again saw her father who consented to embrace her only because he was assured that she was dying. At the prayer of the young sufferer, Stenio, who had not touched his violin for many months, consented to play once more for the benefit of the little orphans.

In the concert hall of Baines Chauds all the curious in Dieppe, as well as its lovers of fine arts, were assembled. The heat was oppressive, and the women with flowers in their hair as if at a ball kept their gay-coloured fans in continual motion so that they looked like butterflies beating their wings.

Two days before, Maud had been brought to her sister's apartments in the hotel of Bains Chauds. Awaiting the success that she felt would surely come to Stenio, she improved wonderfully. The physicians even dared to speak of her possible recovery. Even this day she had taken several steps in her room. Now she lay stretched upon a couch in the waiting-room behind the stage, and encouraging her husband by her invisible presence she realized the dream that she had had of assisting in his triumph.

Indeed the triumph of the great master was one without equal. From the moment when he appeared before the audience, his countenance pale and shadowed, and drew the bow across the strings of his wonderful violin, the delight of his hearers was unbounded. Low murmurs of admiration might be heard in the assembly.

Stenio had never played with such passion, such a feverish ardor. A superhuman force urged him on; he seemed possessed. Forgetting all around him, he followed the musical demon that led him into a dizzy whirl. His countenance was at the same time haughty and terrible. There was an air of wildness in his eye. He did not see or hear—he played;—laughing when he expressed mirth or pleasure; crying real tears when he expressed sadness or despair.

His listeners, with their eyes riveted upon him, followed the terrifying crescendo of his inspiration. His inner soul was exposed to them, and they saw all his sadness and guessed its bitterness; they understood that the sweet sounds which struck their ears were the remembrance of his past joys, the distressful tones, the fear of ill-luck to come. In direct contact with the powerful nature of this artist they were possessed of all emotions, and never had similar emotions been experienced by them.

Alone with her sister, Maud was listening. The first notes had brought her a feeling of suffocation. Her nerves were tense; her breathing became difficult, and Lillian grew anxious. Little by little, however, the appearance of suffering vanished from Maud's face, and a peaceful calm rested upon her, as if she had been bathed and refreshed by the waves of melody.

As in a dream the events of the three years that had just passed appeared before her eyes. She imagined herself in the drawing-room of the queen where she had seen Stenio for the first time. Then in the garden of the old house of Grosvenor Square, where she and Stenio used to walk in the pleasant evenings of spring. There he had first dared to avow his love. Then Lillian came in, and that time the avowal went without a response.

Then there was the old Irish manor with its venerable oaks. Stenio appeared and she could not help following him. What intoxicating times of late! Princes and sovereigns had welcomed her with flattering words, and in the light and amidst the flowers, the magic violin played on, holding crowds in prostrate admiration.

Again the scene changed: this time it was gloomy. In a cradle a poor little babe was dying. Neither tears, nor prayers, nor tender care were of any avail. She bent toward the child and tried to reanimate it with her own breath. Vain effort! Between the caressing

hands that kept it warm the poor little sufferer became more and more pale and finally cold. Then all was ended.

She started from her dream, saw her sister, and out of breath, like a person drowning, she seized her arms.

"My poor Maud!" said Lillian, "how pale you are! Are you suffering?"

"No, but I feel that I am about to leave you. I have just seen my child, and it beckoned me to come—my hour has come. Stenio knows it—hear what he is playing."

It was the song of the swan with its dreariness, its death-knell, and the rumbling of steps to a funeral march on the sounding pavement. In her supreme anguish, stimulated by the spirit of him that she loved, Maud listened attentively to the terrible accents that announced her own funeral. She lived only to listen. Her admiration delayed death.

"Shall I call him?" said Lillian frightened.

Maud was rallying all her strength so as not to lose a single note, and she replied:

"No; let me listen."

A look of rapture came from her eyes and she murmured very low:

"Oh! if I could only die while listening."

"Oh Maud!—my dear Maud!"

The dying girl was resting upon the shoulder of her sister. She was livid; her eyes were fixed, and in an unnatural voice she said:

"Oh! what grief that I must leave him. How I love him, and how good it seems to suffer for him!"

Lillian took a step toward the door, but with a faltering hand Maud stopped her. There was deafening applause coming from the hall. The cries, the bravos, and the stamping rumbled like thunder—and loudly above the tumult was a name a thousand times repeated: "Marackzy!"

Maud's eyes sparkled; a smile of pride lit her face. By an effort almost superhuman she raised herself, and extended her arms to Stenio who was coming in loaded with bouquets. He let them fall upon the bed of the young woman, and she was almost covered by the heap of sweet-smelling flowers. He bent his knee before her, and seemed to offer all his glory to her as a tribute.

She still had sufficient strength to place a kiss upon the beaming forehead bowed before her. Stenio heard her murmur the single phrase, "I am happy." He felt a light breath against his cheek—Maud had breathed her last.

The First Smoke.

ALEXIS COQUILLARD, 1903.

Some time in our life, if we have ever indulged in the "weed," we have experienced that pleasing sensation which follows our first smoke. It is something that we never forget; and so it was with my first smoke.

My playmates, who called themselves "Buffalo Bills Indian Fighters," and ranged from eight to twelve years of age, were smoking behind Willie Brown's barn. The boy who could inhale a cigarette and talk at the same time without losing any of the smoke, was the most respected person in the neighborhood, and Willie Brown could do that! The boys were always teasing me. "Ten years old and never smoked! You're only a big baby," was the general comment of the "gang."

This day Willie Brown had bought a package of sweet caporal cigarettes with the nickel he got for running on Mrs. Carlton's errands. He invited the "Indian Fighters" to help him smoke them. I no sooner turned the corner than Sammy Jones yelled:

"Here comes Johnny, give him one."

"Have a 'nail,' Johnny; come smoke; don't be a baby all your life. You're ten years old to-day,—and he never smoked, fellows." This was Willie Brown's share of the argument.

To show them I was a man, according to their notion, I blurted out:

"Give me one; I ain't no baby."

After wasting six matches and as many times burning my fingers, I lit the cigarette. The first three feeble puffs didn't sicken me, and I thought my father was trying to scare me with his lectures on cigarette smoking.

"This is bully, fellows." When I said this, however, the smoke got into my eyes and up my nostrils. Then the fun commenced; I felt dizzy, my head was spinning around, and tears were in my eyes.

"Johnny is getting sick—can't smoke—big baby," sneered Willie Brown.

The crowd started off, but kept yelling at me:

"Go to mamma, she'll take care of Johnny!" and "Johnny will get a licking for smoking."

I went home and to bed without any supper. My mother said the cabbage we had for dinner didn't agree with poor Johnny's stomach. I didn't smoke for a few years afterward; but I did punch Willie Brown's face the very next day.

Books and Magazines.

ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATION OF THE CREED.

Rev. H. Rolfus, D. D. Published by Benziger Bros.
Price \$1.00

The first part of this book treats of faith in general. The nature of faith, its object and sources, its necessity and qualities, are set forth in a few condensed paragraphs, and form a logical introduction to the second part of the book, which gives a careful and detailed explanation of the Apostles' Creed. With the aid of this book the layman can find a ready answer for the faith that is in him. The catechist's labors are materially lightened, for the exposition is thorough and systematic. The priest, too, will find ample material for instructions, logically arranged and clearly expressed. The non-Catholic looking for a suitable book to find out what Catholic faith is, will find an answer to his doubts.

—The *Literary Digest* is probably the best eclectic weekly now published. Where empty nut-shells abound, the task of finding those containing a kernel is not easy. The *Digest* succeeds in selecting articles of real worth, and is to be commended for its keen judgment. We are pleased to see that Bishop Spalding and men of his kind are looked on as representative Catholics instead of any who, like a turtle in cloudy weather, would withdraw into their shell and dream of the past. The industrial statistics quoted of Australia show an enormous increase of wealth. When we bear in mind that it is the only land in which principles of fraternal government now prevail, its progress must arouse and hold our interest.

—The *Medical Record* still maintains its excellence as a journal devoted to thorough medical research. In the latest number are some able and interesting articles. Notably among them is one entitled "The Mosquito Theory of the Transmission of Yellow Fever with its New Developments," in which the author shows quite clearly how the dread disease may be distributed among mankind by the much-despised mosquito. The editorials are clear, and are on subjects of vital interest to the medical man. The "Society Reports" are given in brief, plain accounts, and contain many interesting notes, which add materially to the benefits that may be derived from the magazine.

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The Board of Editors.

ANTHONY J. BROGAN, 1901

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} *Reporters.*

—There are various discussions carried on as to whether the reading public wants the romance, the novel, or the story with a purpose. With all respect to the scribes, the public most likely does not want any of them, but makes the best of a bad bargain and accepts them because there is nothing else forthcoming. Suppose one that has appreciatively read Scott, Thackeray and some of the other classics, turns to modern literature, what does he find? In the modern romance is incident piled upon incident; nothing more. The novel, for the most part, is made up of the rustle of skirts, the glare of lights and the waving of fans. The book with a "purpose" is the worst of all. The "purpose" is so held in sight that the story is entirely neglected. In each of the three the reader does not make a single friend. There is no Colonel Newcome, Micawber or Sancho Panza that he can conjure up for his pleasure in an idle moment.

Now take a work like Don Quixote, and we find in it all the elements of the novel, the romance and the story with a purpose. We have in it what should be in every work of art: a plenty of sunshine. It is fresh with country life, wayside inns, spreading plains, birds, tumbling streams that turn mill wheels, shepherds, country maids, mountain breezes:

all so life-like that the reader feels a glow on his cheek. Then it has the home life of villagers and noblemen. And above all, it contains characters that one knows and remembers after his introduction to them.

This is the kind of book the public wants, whether it calls for it or not: a book with a wholesome atmosphere that tells of human weakness and human goodness in a sympathetic manner.

—When men turn to art it is a sign that their stomachs are satisfied. Reasoning from this we should conclude that good living among Americans is very common, for there is scarcely a newspaper or magazine but advocates the cultivation of a taste for art. The means suggested to beget this taste are many. Some call for municipal art galleries; others hint at a national salon where one may walk through a mile or two of paintings both indifferent and bad. This is how a taste for art is developed they declare. Artists themselves, who should know something about the matter, invariably say the proper method is to teach the youngsters drawing. This has been tried with a fair degree of success in both the New York and Chicago public schools. The course of instruction is so arranged that but very little of the pupil's time is taken away from more essential studies.

This plan, of course, accords with the views held by the best modern educators, for it begins with the simple and tangible and leads up to parts more difficult. Besides the school age is the time when a beginning should be made in art, if a taste for it is to be developed at all. We may the better understand this by means of an analogy. One has only to look around him to notice that undergraduates who have done but little or no reading before their college days are almost entirely indifferent to the beauties of literature. This is not because they have less intellect than one who can appreciate an essay or drama; but may be rightly attributed to the fact that they never became familiar with books in their earlier years, when a true liking and zest for reading comes to last through life.

The same may be said of the other arts. If they are neglected until a man is pressed with business cares or until he has made money, there is no municipal gallery or art salon that can beget in him a taste for painting and sculpture. The right time for art is the leisure time of life.

The College man.

The current number of the *Forum* contains a very interesting and striking article, entitled "Is the College Graduate Impracticable?" The piece, as the title suggests, is an answer to the question so often discussed: "Do colleges fail in the purpose for which they are instituted?" The author, Mr. Robert Ellis Jones, President of Hobart College, should be commended for his fearless denunciation of the many abuses, which, to a great extent, characterize modern college life. In this extremely conservative age, the first to recognize an evil is not always the first to advocate its removal. Few possessing authority have the courage to propose a change.

In speaking of the function of a college, Mr. Jones says that its aim is chiefly the formation of character during the transition of youth to the first stages of manhood. "If the college," he remarks, "does not leave its graduate at the gates of life with the password on his lips, which will cause those gates to swing open, it has deeply wronged him." But how few are prepared by the training of most of our modern colleges to take their place in the world. The far greater part of college students consists of those that have never had any experience in worldly affairs. Their minds are taken up chiefly with sports and pleasures; and unless they can be forced to realize the meaning of their college career they will be, at best, burdens on society. For, as Bishop Spalding has said, a college man will never be induced to perform manual labor. If he is unfit therefore for other work, owing to his negligence, he will, in all probability, fall to the level of a vagrant or a dependent fop.

Again, Mr. Jones remarks: "Academic distinction has become a matter of brawn and bull-dog courage rather than of Greek and calculus." Of course, this can not be wholly attributed to modern athletics. It suggests a defect in that line, however, which it might be well to note. Are they not at present carried too far? We hear so often the familiar phrase *Mens sana in corpore sano* that we are almost afraid to give an affirmative reply. Yet it is only fair to assert that a better system of athletics could be had; that it would be possible to have all students take part instead of having the great majority devotees on the side-line. Athletics, moreover among students

should be a mere diversion intended, for the most part, to relieve the mind.

A complaint against college graduates which is noted in the article, is that they are inaccurate, unreliable and inattentive to their work. Wherever the charge is true, it is the direct cause of lazy and shiftless habits that are acquired at a college in which students are left wholly to themselves. "The railroad king," says Mr. Jones, "never found one of these 'idealists' neglecting business to dream over Shelley, Horace, or Herbert Spencer." In other words, complaint is seldom made against graduates that honestly win their diplomas. Few men at college follow the course most beneficial to themselves, unless forced to it. The manner of living contributes a great deal also toward a student's application to his work, and it is unnecessary to say that where the best discipline exists the greatest results will be obtained.

The last question treated by Mr. Jones pertained to elective studies. He condemns the system as it now exists, claiming that it affords an opportunity for the weary student to avoid the difficult subjects which especially tend toward mental development. Elective studies, as advocated by himself, should be between groups of related subjects, this would prevent, for instance, a substitution of music for geometry, which is now possible. Whether such an abuse has crept into the elective system, where it is now in vogue we are at a loss to know. As yet the evil has not shown itself in a marked degree; but it might be well, as Mr. Jones suggests, to remove the occasion or opportunity.

A student on entering college should be advised in regard to a choice of studies instead of being left to make his own selection. At this period in life the youth requires advice in all things; certain restrictions should also be placed on his social life. The best discipline is not necessarily the severest, but rather such as will suffice to keep the student within proper bounds. "The present plunge," says the writer, "from domestic regulation to a license which has no counterpart in outside life gives the student the idea that for him all laws are abrogated, that he is a man apart." This very feeling tends to remove, or at least prevent a student's notion of loyalty to his *Alma Mater*, and in many cases wins for college men a reproach from the general public instead of the respect to which they are entitled.

J. P. HAYES.

Exchanges.

The *Athenæum* contains some good pieces, but we do not understand the possibility of a man turning out a hymn, a strong battle hymn, as he would a piece of machinery. This is done in the paper called the "Battle Hymn." When we had finished reading this paper, our concept of a song or hymn had changed, and now we think two brawny arms, with sleeves rolled up to the elbows, are necessary before a song or hymn can be produced; not only that, but this work of muscle requires an entire day, with luncheon thrown in, before it is finished. Inspiration is a stranger on that day. The "Corridor Man" contains some very witty things, especially his advice to the woman whose son was going wrong.

Why will critics continue to differ? A young lady in the *Blair Hall Breeze* writes an appreciative paper on "Stalky and Co." But Robert Buchanan, in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*, says of this production of Kipling, "only the spoilt child of an utterly brutalized public could possibly have written 'Stalky and Co.' or, having written it, could have published it." But men must fight, and women—well, that is another story. The "Grinds" contain some useful information.

The *Mungret Abbey* turns out a good annual for 1900. It is made up of articles from the past, present and aspirations for the future. We can not appreciate this production as well as an alumnus of Mungret Abbey, for it contains information which is of interest to the alumnus alone—and after all, this should be one of the aims of an annual.

Perhaps one of the cleverest college exchanges we have seen thus far, this scholastic year, is the Christmas number of the *Minnesota Magazine*. It is full of short, clever things—pieces that depend not upon length for development, but upon selection. "Selfish Man's Apology" contains much clever observation, and is full of truths that are brought home to us when we begin to observe. When "Greek Meets Barbarian" is a careful delineation of that self-assertive, empty-pated poppy often found on the threshold of our colleges. Its development is cleverly done. J. J. S.

Personals.

—The Rev. Father Coyne of Detroit, Mich., paid us a brief visit on Thursday last.

—Mr. Frank Pryor, Pueblo, Col., recently made an extended visit to the University.

—Mr. Eugene Campbell, a Law graduate of last year, is back among us on a visit to old friends.

—Mr. Enng. Creel of Chihuahua, Mexico, paid us a brief visit during the course of the past week.

—Judge Carr of Cassopolis, Mich., made a short stay at the University during the course of the present week.

—Mr. Edward Brown (A. B. '99) of Sioux City, Iowa, is making an extended stay at the University among friends.

—The Rev. Father O'Rourke, C. S. C., President of the Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., accompanied by Brother Marcellinus, attended the funeral of Brother Edward during the course of the past week.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Harry M. Jewett of Detroit, Mich. "Hal" was a student here some years ago, and was very conspicuous in athletics. He helped to win a name for Notre Dame in this line by his famous sprinting, which, as yet, has been unexcelled in the West. We can not do better than to extend our best wishes for a long and happy married life.

—We are pleased to inform our readers that Mr. William A. Fagan, a graduate of the Biological course in '97, has become a Benedict. The ceremony was performed in the city of South Bend by the Reverend A. Morrissey. Fagan has the distinction of being the best "centre rush" that ever donned a Notre Dame suit. He played here in the fall of '96. He was a popular student during his stay at the University, and the SCHOLASTIC tenders him congratulations and best wishes for a most prosperous married life.

Athletes Begin Training.

The invitation that was extended to each and every man in the University who possessed any athletic ability to try his prowess on the field and track was generously responded to by many likely looking and earnest candidates. Of course, the season is too young to make any predictions, but if there is anything in the number of candidates, facilities and instructors we should make an excellent showing. During the past week our famous all-round champion came among us after a

vacation in the West, and he seems to be in the best of condition. Murphy, a sturdy looking chap from Milwaukee, also joined our squad, and from present indications he bids fair to be a valuable man. He has made some good time in the quarter-mile run and has made a good record in the broad-jump. Then we have Harry Hoover, who was with us three years ago, and who was very much in evidence in the triangular Track Meet here two years ago when he won the forty-yard hurdles in excellent form. Besides these men we have "Corc," Billy Uffendal, Glynn, Herbert, John Pick, Sullivan, Steele, Richon and Staples, among the most promising new men. The rest of our squad are mostly new fellows on the track, only a few of the faces having been seen there before.

The first opportunity we shall have to judge of our prospects for success in the spring meets will be on February 6, at the formal opening of the gymnasium. On that occasion we shall have a home competition among our own men, and we shall be able to make our own prophecies. Whatever impression our athletes may make we can depend upon the fact that Moulton is going to have a track team that we may all be proud of.

After the meet on February 6, in which Moulton will run against Corcoran in the forty-yard dash, Manager Eggeman has announced a very good schedule; in fact, one of the best we ever had for track men at Notre Dame. It is as follows: A. A. U. championship games at Milwaukee, March 2; triangular meet between Chicago, Illinois and Notre Dame (here) March 9; triangular meet between Indiana, Purdue and Notre Dame at Bloomington, May 18; Indiana state meet at Lafayette, May 25; and Western Intercollegiate meet at either Chicago or Buffalo, June 1.

Captain Donahoe had the candidates for the baseball team practising in the gym Thursday and Friday. Of course, it is entirely too soon to venture any prophecies, but some of the men made an excellent showing. The number of aspirants is very encouraging; twenty-three men were out last Thursday. Their work consisted mainly in catching grounders batted out by Captain Donahoe, who is looking to the men at present. So far Manager Eggeman has not been successful in getting a coach for this season. He has, however, arranged an admirable schedule.

The Gymnasium Building-Fund.

Wilton C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.....	\$100
The Rev. P. A. Baart, Marshall, Mich.....	25
Friend, Notre Dame, Ind.....	100
Friend, South Bend, Ind.....	1000
W. A. McAdams, Williamsport, Ind.....	25
The Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.....	50
George Cartier, Luddington, Mich.....	25
J. G. Kutina, Chicago, Ill.....	1
O. H. Woods, Avon, Ill.....	1
Lucius Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.....	50
Dr. F. Schlink, New Riegel, Ohio.....	5
Chute Bros., Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
F. T. Slevin, Peoria, Ill.....	10
The Rev. A. Messman, Laporte, Ind.....	25
O. Chamberlain, Elkhart, Ind.....	10
T. T. Ansberry, Defiance, Ohio.....	5
The Rev. P. J. Crawley, Lebanon, Ind.....	20
W. H. Welch, Chicago, Ill.....	10
Miss Lizzie Ryan, Philadelphia.....	5
William P. Grady, Chicago.....	10
William P. Breen, Fort Wayne, Ind.....	100
A. M. Jelonak, Chicago, Ill.....	2
Ed W. Robinson, Chicora, Wayne Co., Miss.....	15
Gilbert F. McCullough, Davenport, Iowa.....	10
A. M. Prichard, Charleston, W. Va.....	5
Friend, Lafayette, Ind.....	10
Austin O'Malley, Notre Dame, Ind.....	25
John H. Sullivan (for son John, St Edward's Valparaiso, Ind.....	25
Peter F. Casey (for son Grover, St. Edward's Chicago, Ill.....	25
J. A. Creighton, Omaha.....	250
Durand & Kasper, Chicago.....	100
Augustin Kegler, Bellevue, Ill.....	5
John C. Ellsworth, South Bend, Ind.....	100
Alfred Duperier, New Iberia, La.....	5
G. T. Meehan, Monterrey, Mexico.....	50
The Rev. E. P. Murphy, Portland, Ore.....	10
F. C. Downer (for son Henry and nephew Edward Kelly, St. Edward's Hall).....	
Atlanta, Ga.....	50
Earl W. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Edward C. Brown, Sheldon, Iowa.....	5
Wyman & Co., South Bend, Ind.....	100
E. A. Zeitler, Notre Dame.....	5
The Rev. N. J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.....	50
A. J. Galen, Helena, Mon.....	5
Samuel T. Murdock, LaFayette, Ind.....	100
The Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Lapeer, Mich.....	15
Frank B. O'Brien, Sorin Hall.....	25
Patrick Murphy, Chebanse, Ill.....	10
N. K. and W. H. Mills, Thornton, Ind.....	5
The Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, Cheltenham, Ill.....	100
D. A. Hanagan, Chicago, Ill.....	25
Granville Tinnin, Rushville, Neb.....	25
John and Mrs. Dougherty, Beaver Meadow, Pa.....	1
Michael Hastings, South Bend, Ind.....	25
August Fack (for his son in Carroll Hall).....	
Helena, Montana.....	10
P. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.....	50
James M. Brady, Windfield, Kansas.....	10
A. Friend, Boston, Mass.....	20
The Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Chicago, Ill.....	50
Louis J. Herman, Evansville, Ind.....	5

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert (for sons Martin and George).....	25
Friend from Umatilla, Mexico.....	10
Robert A. O'Hara, Hamilton, Montana.....	10
John P. Lauth, Chicago, Ill.....	25
Friend in South Bend.....	50
Friend who will not allow his name mentioned	250
Miss Ella Murray, Philadelphia, Penn.....	3

The President has handed us the following communication which he has just received:

REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Ind.,

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—You will find enclosed New York draft amounting to \$250.00 to be added to your Gymnasium Building Fund. This will help to pay for a few bricks at least. It is my request that no one know of this—not even the State it comes from,—and I trust that my wishes in this regard will be followed.

This is not the first time the donor has substantially aided Notre Dame in an extremity, when others better able to give than he were silent. His modesty in withholding his name is certainly praiseworthy, but the Very Rev. President hopes to have permission by next week to make it known.

Western Intercollegiate Conference.

Special telegram to THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 25.

No definite action has been taken that will affect the Western Intercollegiate or Notre Dame. The motion to submit the question of dissolution to its members after a thorough discussion was laid on the table. The representatives of conference colleges now serving on both the Intercollegiate and conference committees show the utmost friendliness toward Notre Dame and the non-conference colleges. They say they will do everything possible to get representation for the non-conference colleges on the conference committee. Notre Dame may hope for the best.

D. P. MURPHY.

As is well known, the object of this conference is to form a new association that will exclude all but nine of the Western colleges. Notre Dame was admitted to the Western Intercollegiate Association two years ago. Then we won second place.

Last year we won fifth place. After this showing it is hardly possible that we should be discriminated against. Besides the success of the big meets held in Chicago was owing mainly to the talent and efforts of our representative, Dan Murphy, Vice-President of the association. To retain him on their board will be a further inducement for the so-called big nine to admit Notre Dame to representation at their conference.

Miss Anna Caulfield on the Paris Exposition.

Miss Anna Caulfield's lecture at Washington Hall last Tuesday afternoon was interesting and instructive throughout. She spoke on the art exhibits of the nations at the Paris Exposition, and by the aid of a stereoscope gave her audience a fair idea of art in its various forms in the French metropolis.

She began by showing the pavilions of the nations, commenting on the style of architecture of each. Passing over matters not connected with her subject, she dwelt a while on the artistic effect of ladies' costumes. Her words on this subject were suggestively instructive. The views given forced the casual observer to think that perhaps, after all, the Parisian gownmaker has more art than he is given credit for.

After a glance at the exhibits of the industrial arts, made up for the most part of Japanese and Chinese porcelain, the lecturer made a comparison between the art exhibits of the nations. She gave views of the gallery of each country, and in her comments clearly favored the French in architecture, sculpture and especially in painting. Miss Caulfield by her pleasant voice and manner held the close attention of her appreciative listeners, who felt at the end of the lecture that their time had been profitably spent.

This scholastic session was formally opened on Sunday, January 20. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Regan, Prefect of Discipline; the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. President, Andrew Morrissey.

Band and Orchestra Rehearsal.

Prof. Roche wishes to announce that the members of the band will meet for rehearsal every class day at three o'clock. On Thursdays and Sundays they will be expected to attend practice immediately after Mass.

Those members of the chemistry class who belong to the band may attend rehearsal until half-past nine on Thursday mornings. This gives them about an hour's practice.

The Orchestra will have rehearsals on Sundays and Thursdays after dinner. Prof. Roche insists upon the need of frequent and regular rehearsal, and he certainly ought to have the co-operation of his youthful musicians.

Local Items.

—The queen is dead. Long live the king!—Butler.

—For the sake of art many of the lawyers "got a shave."

—John is a privileged character; he has Pick's feet for dinner each day.

—Let us join the psychology class, they are going to have laboratory work in love.

—The Brownson Basket-Ball Team plays at Culver Military Academy this afternoon.

—One of the navigators lost his bearings the other day. Now the others feel ashamed of him.

—FOUND.—A knife with pearl handle. The owner may have it by calling at Room 54, Sorin Hall.

—The finder of a small receipt book will please return it to Louis Wagner, Carroll Hall. Lost Thursday, January 24, 1901.

—The Tyrolean Concert Troupe will give an entertainment in Washington Hall next Monday afternoon at two o'clock.

—NOTICE.—Chauncey has purchased a package of Duke's mixture. Keep your door locked after 10 p. m. in the future.

—"Why do those two fellows always go together?"

"When one springs a joke the other tickles you in the ribs to make you laugh."

—Corcoran, McDonough, Barry, O'Connor and a few more of her late majesty's subjects, met last Thursday to frame a letter of condolence. Their grief, however, overpowered them, and they were unable to complete their task of sympathy and love.

—Dad Moulton intends to make some changes for the better in the training room. The rubbing table will be shut out from the common view by a curtain extending from the ceiling to the floor. Another "wrinkle" of Dads is to put up strings so that enthusiastic admirers will not press too close on the athletes when the latter are jumping or pole vaulting.

—The following baseball schedule has been arranged for the season of 1901:

- April 19—Purdue at Notre Dame.
- April 26—Upper Iowa at Notre Dame.
- May 1—Indiana at Bloomington.
- May 2—De Pauw at Greencastle.
- May 3—Purdue at Lafayette.
- May 4—Chicago at Chicago.
- May 8—Nebraska at Notre Dame.
- May 11—Beloit at Notre Dame.
- May 16—Indiana at Notre Dame.
- May 21—Wisconsin at Madison.
- May 23—Beloit at Beloit.
- May 24—Northwestern at Evanston.
- May 30—Notre Dame at South Bend.
- June 3—Wisconsin at Notre Dame.

—There is a union of two nations in the firm of "Corcoran and Lins," who have en-

tered upon the laundry and literary line. They have made arrangements to supply everyone at the University with both the daily and Sunday papers. If they can find a carpenter who gives trust they will also put up a magazine stand where all the latest periodicals may be had at the regular price. All laundry should be left at Room 58, Sorin Hall. It will be promptly delivered when cleaned, unless "Cork" or "Studie" pawns it. As the firm fears latent competition they will demand no trust prices. Patronize home industries, and encourage the energetic.

—Heard after the Lecture:

CULLY NAN:—"Did you enjoy the lecture, Ed?"

ED DIE:—"I should say yes, especially the pictures."

CULLY:—"Ah! Ed, then you must be interested in art."

ED DIE:—"No, I ain't. I just liked to see them flashed on the canvas. I don't know nothing about art."

CULLY:—"Why, Eddie, I'm surprised. Art is the most elevating subject (barring ballons and prospective fathers-in-law) I know of. Whenever I hear a lecture on art, or see some good work of art, I become, as it were, a different being. I lose myself; go up in a trance, and dream the dreamiest dreams imaginable. Why, I remember once going through an art gallery in Pitts—"

EDDIE:—"Ah, go on! You couldn't tell an art gallery from a shooting gallery in broad daylight."—Curtain.

—A well-known athlete had a somewhat peculiar experience in a South Bend drug-store the other night and one which was more amusing to the bystanders than to himself, though he came to the conclusion that it was a pretty good joke after all, when he had time to think it over. The increase in the number of young men who are anxious to raise whiskers led the athlete, who, by the way, is the senior partner of the laundry, newspaper and general merchandise company, to put in a stock of "Iowa Lightning Hair Tonic." The athlete was placing his order, when the clerk inquired:

"Are you a K. of C.?"

"Humph," replied the athlete, who understood the clerk to have said "Casey," "I guess you don't know me; I'm Corcoran!"

Several persons in the store were rude enough to laugh.

Motto: "Don't believe anything you hear, or half of what you see."

PLANET MARS, DAYLIGHT, 1901.

(Through the air shaft No. 6, via the Misty Haze and Cloudless Cloud Route.)

DEAR ED.—I see you received my letter O. K. I noticed your signal last night, and immediately hastened to prepare another message for you. By the way, those red socks of Farragher's looked rather rusty. That

brilliant coloring, which so often dazzled me, showed up rather faint. I would advise you to use something else when you signal me again—take Boots' mustache, for instance, or any other fiery or anarchistical article. I have not very much time to write now as I have to deliver a speech before the Anti-Sweater League to-night anent its position in society and its great importance during the century just closed. To-morrow I lecture before the Hibernian Potatoe Culture Society on "Seedless Potatoes," and the "Potatoe Bug's Influence on Civilization," and the day after I am billed to talk before the German Homemade Cheese Association on "Chloroform as a good means of overcoming a stubborn, ill-minded cheese." This practically means that I can not call myself a free mortal until my lecturing tour is over. I am used to it by this time though, as I have been in constant demand since my arrival here. That brings up the question, how did I get here? Easy enough.

When I first started out as correspondent for your paper I conceived the idea of inventing a machine which would convey me from one place to another almost instantaneously. I carried this idea in my head for a long time without any apparent trouble until one balmy day in spring when I met my old friend, Mike Daly. I told Mike the history of my life and how I first conceived the idea of a machine which would travel faster than anything heretofore sprung on the public. Mike listened patiently to my tale, and when I had finished, softly rolled his deep pink eyes in admiration, changed his quid to the other side of his face, and said:

"I never thought of that before. Say, yure a wunder. I'll build de machine for you in a jiffy."

Two days later Mike had the machine constructed, and to my wonder it actually worked to perfection. He christened it "Battle Ax," partly in my honor and partly in honor of the plug which I gave him as a testimonial of my regard and esteem for his services to the cause. The next night I determined to start out on a hunt for the north pole without letting anyone into the secret but Mike. It was a beautiful moonlight night and the stars danced gleefully in the heavens and winked at me as if anticipating my great discovery. Not a sound was to be heard as I plodded on toward the flag-staff from which I was to make my ascent; the awful solemnity of the occasion left a deep impression on me. This I felt was nature's tribute to a great man.

Well, at exactly twelve o'clock I entered my machine, pressed the button and was off on the greatest trip ever undertaken. In a little while I fell asleep admiring the beautiful curves, trappings, ornaments, etc., of my machine, but when I awoke next morning it was not in my machine. I found myself, but in a

strange looking room surrounded by curious looking people

The place I had landed on was Mars, but how I got there is a mystery. In my next I will give you some interesting news about the inhabitants, their customs, a description of the planet, etc., etc. Give my love to Mike.

Yours as was,

WANDERING BILLIE.

P. S. Don't forget to wave that signal from the dome. If possible borrow Boots' mustache.—BILLIE.

—The gymnastic classes will be continued in the new gymnasium, beginning Tuesday. All the new apparatus has been placed, and the department is better equipped than ever. The days and hours for the students of Sorin, Corby and Brownson Halls are as follows:

Tuesday.....	9.30-11.00 a. m.
Wednesdy	3.00-4.30 p. m.
Thursday.....	2.00-3.30 p. m.
Friday.....	3.00-4.30 p. m.
Saturday.....	9.30-11.00 a. m.
Sunday*.....	2.30-3.45 p. m.

The following hours will be devoted to Carroll Hall students:

Tuesday.....	3.00-4.30 p. m.
Wednesday.....	9.30-11.00 a. m.
Thursday.....	3.30-5.00 p. m.
Friday.....	9.30-11.00 a. m.
Saturday.....	3.00-4.30 p. m.
Sunday*.....	3.45-5.00 p. m.

The regulation suit for Seniors consists in white sleeveless jerseys (no quarter sleeves), and long gray pants, gray canvas belts and black gymnasium shoes.

The regulation suit for Juniors consists in white sleeveless jerseys (no quarter sleeves), full-length black tights, or black knee tights, with high black stockings and black gymnasium shoes.

The University has recently purchased a full set of anthropometric instruments. This is a step in the right direction, since all well equipped gymnasiums make use of these instruments. The metric system has been adopted in order that the results may thereby be compared with those of the other universities. The anthropometric charts are invaluable, for they show at a glance not only the relative standing of one individual as compared with another, but also the relation of every part of the individual to every other part. To know the extent of the variation is the necessary thing in physical culture, for this knowledge makes possible the development of the weak parts and records the individual improvement. Those desiring to try for the University strength-test record may apply to Philip J. Weiss, Jr., Director of Gymnastics.

* The gymnasium will be open at these hours, but there will be no regular instruction.